

THE
TRAGEDIE OF GORBODVC;
whereof thzee Actes were wrytten by
Thomas Nortone, and the two laske by
Thomas Sackuyle.

Sett forth as the same was shewed befoze the
Q^{UENES} most excellent Maiestie, in her highnes
Court of Whitehall, the. xviij. day of January,
Anno Domini. 1561. By the Gentlemen
of Chynner Temple in London.



IMPRYNTE AT LONDON
in fleteltrete, at the Signe of the
Faucon by William Griffith: And are
to be sold at his Shop in Saincte
Dunstones Churchyarde in
the West of London.

Anno, 1565. Septemb. 22. 23

¶ Chargument of the Tragedie.

GORBODUC, king of Brittain, deuised his Realme in his lyfe time to his Sones, *Ferrex* and *Porrex*. The Sones fell to dyuision and discention. The yonger kyllled the elder. The Mother that more dearely loued the elder, for reuenge kyllled the yonger. The people mōued with the Crueltie of the fact, rose in Rebellion and slewe both father and mother. The Nobilitie assembled and most terribly destroyed the Rebelles. And afterwards for want of Issue of the Prince wherby the Succession of the Crowne became vncertaine. They fell to Ciuill warre in whiche both they and many of their Issues were slayne, and the Lande for a longe tyme almoste desolate and miserablye wasted.



The names of the Speakers,

Gorboduc, kynge of great Brittain.
Videna, Queene and wife to kynge Gorboduc.
Ferrex, Elder Sonne to kynge Gorboduc.
Porrex, Younger Sonne to kynge Gorboduc.
Clotyn, Duke of Cornewall.
Fergus, Duke of Albany.
Mandud, Duke of Leagre.
Gwenard, Duke of Cumberlande.
Eubulus, Secretarie to the kynge Gorboduc.
Arostus, A Counsellour of kynge Gorboduc.
Dordan, A Counsellour assigned by the
kynge to his Eldest Sonne Ferrex.
Philander, A Counsellour assigned by the
kynge to his younger Sonne Porrex.
(Both beyng of the olde
kynge's Counsell before.
Herman, A Parasyte remainyng with Ferrex.
Tyndar, A Parasyte remainyng with Porrex.
Nuntius, A Messenger of the elder Brothers deeth.
Nuntius, A Messenger of Duke Fergus
resyng in Armes.
Marcella, A Ladye of the Queenes
pryue Chamber.
Chorus, Foure auncient and Sage
men of Brittain.

The Order of the dōme shewe befoze the
firſte Acte, and the Signification therof,

Firſte the Muſicke of Violence began to playe,
durynge whiche came in vppon the Stage ſire
wilde men clothed in leaues. Of whom the firſt
bare in his necke a fagot of ſmal ſtickes, whiche
thei all both ſeuerallie and together aſſaied with
all their ſtrengthes to bzeake, but it could not be
broken by them. At the length one of them pluc-
ked out one of the ſtickes and bzeake it: And the
reſt pluckinge oute all the other ſtickes one af-
ter an other did eaſelie bzeake, the ſame beyng
ſeuered: which beyng conioyned they had befoze
attempted in vayne. After they had this done,
they departed the Stage, and the Muſicke ceaſed
Hereby was ſignified, that a ſtate knit in vnytie
doth continue ſtronge againſt all force. But be-
yng deuyded, is eaſely deſtroied. As beſell vpon
Duke Corboduc deuidinge his Lande to his two
ſonnes which he befoze held in Monarchie. And
vpon the diſcention of the Brethren to whome
it was deuided.

of Gobodue,

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Viden. Ferrex.

Viden.

THE silent night that brings the
quiet pause,
From painefull traualles of the
wearie Daie:
Prolonges my carefull thoughtes
and makes me blame
The flowre *Aurore* that so for loue or shame
Doth longe delaye to shewe her blushing face,
And now the Daie renews my griefull plainte.

Ferrex.

My gracious Lady and mother deare,
Pardon my griefe, for your so grieued minde
To aske what cause tormenteth so your harte.

Viden.

So great a wronge and so vnjust despite,
Without all cause against all course of kinde,

Ferrex.

Suche causeles wronge and so vnjust despite,
Maye haue redresse, or at the least reuenge.

Viden.

Neither my Sonne, suche is the forwarde will,
The person suche, suche my mishap and thyne.

Ferrex.

Myne knowe I none, but griefe for your distresse.

Viden.

Yes: myne for thyne my Sonne: A father: no:

A. M.

30

The Tragedie

In kynde a Father, but not in kyndlynes.

Ferrex.

My Father: whie? I knowe nothyng at all;
Wher in I haue misdone vnto his Grace.

Viden.

Therefore, the moze vnkinde to thee and mee,
For knowynge well (my sonne) the rendre lous
That I haue euer bozne and beare to thee,
He greued therat, is not content alone,
To spoyle thee of my sight my chiefest Joye,
But thee, of thy birth, right and Heritage
Causeles, vnkindly and in wrongfull wise,
Against all Lawe and right he will bereaue,
Walse of his kyngdome he will geue awaye,

Ferrex.

To whome?

Viden.

Euen to Porrex his younger sonne
Whose growinge Pride I do so sore suspecte,
That beyng rayled to equall Rule with thee,
Mee thinkes I see his enuious harte to swell
Fyllde with Disdaine and with ambitious Pride
The ende the Goddes do know, whose Altars I
Full oft haue made in vaine of Cattell slayne,
To sende the sacred smoke to Heauens Throne,
For thee my sonne if thinges so succede,
As nowe my Ielous minde misdemeeth sore.

Ferrex.

Madame leaue care and carefull plaint for me,
Just hath my Father ben to euery wight,
His firste vniustice he will not extende

To

of Gobodue.

To me I truste, that geue no cause therof,
My brothers pride shall hurt him selfe, not mee.

Viden.

So graunt the Goddes: But yet thy father so
Hath firmly fixed his bnmoued mynde
That plaints & prayers can no whit auailo,
For those haue I assaied, but euen this daie,
He wyl endeuour to procure assent
Of all his Counsell to his sonde deasse.

Ferrex.

Their Ancestours from race to race haue borne
True fayth to my forefathers and their seede,
I truste thelike wyl beare the lyke to me.

Viden.

There resteth all, but if they sayle thero?,
And if the ende bringe forth an euill successe
On them and theirs the mischief shall befall,
And so I praise the Goddes requite it them,
And so they will, for so is wont to bee
When Lordes and trusted Rulers vnder kynges
To please the present fancie of the Prince,
With wong transpose the course of gouernance
Murders, mischief, or ciuill sworde at length,
Or mutuall treason, or a iust reuenge,
When right succedinge Line returnes againe
By Iones iust Iudgement and deserued wrathe
Bringes them to ciuill and reprochefull death,
And rootes their names & kindredes fro the earth.

Ferrex.

Other content you, you shall see the ende.

A. III.

Viden.

The Tragedie

Viden.

The ende: this ende I feare, Ioue ende me first.

Actus primus, Scena secunda.

Corboduc, Arostus, Philander, Eubulus.

Corboduc.

My Lordes whose graue aduise & faithfull aide
Haue long vpheld my Honour & my Realme
And brought me from this age from tender yeres,
Guidynge so great estate with great renoume;
Nowe more importeth mee the erst to vse
Your faith and wisdom wherby yet I reigne,
That when by death my lief and rule shall cease,
The kingdome yet maye with vnbroken course,
Haue certayne Prince, by whose vndoubted right,
Your wealth and peace, may stand in quiet state,
And eke that thei whome Nature hath prepered,
In time to take my place in Princelie Seate,
While in their Fathers tyme their pliant youth
Yeldes to the frame of skilfull gouernaunce
Maye so be taught and trayned in noble Artes,
As what their fathers whiche haue reigned befoze
Haue with great fame deriued downe to them
With honour they maye leaue vnto their seeds:
And not be taught for their vnworthie life,
And for their Laweles swaruyng out of kinde,
Worthie to lose what Lawe and kind them gaue
But that they may preserue the comon peace,
The cause that first began and still mainteines

The

of Corboduc.

The Lynneall course of kinges inheritaunce,
For me, for myne, for you, and for the state
Wherof both I and you haue charge and care.
Thus do I meane to vse your wonted sayth
To me and myne, and to your natyue Lande,
My Lordes be playne without all worse respect
Or poysonous crafte to speake in pleasynge wise,
Lest as the blame of yll succedynge thinges
Shall light on you, so light the harmes also.

Arosfus.

Your good acceptaunce so (most noble kinge)
Of suche your faithfulness as heretofore
We haue employed in dueties to your Grace,
And to this Realme whose wortheie head you are,
Well proues that neyther you mistruste at all,
Nor we shall nede no boasting wise to shewe,
Our trueth to you, nor yet our wakefull care
For you, for yours, and for our natyue Lande.
Wherfore (O kynge) I speake for one as all,
Sithe all as one do beare you egall faith:
Doubt not to vse their Counsellors and their aides
Whose honours, goods & lyues are whole auowed
To serue, to ayde, and to defende your Grace.

Corboduc.

My Lordes I thanke you all. This is the case
We know, the Gods, who haue the soueraigne care
For kings, for kingdomes, and for comen weales,
Gave me two sonnes in my more lustie Age,
Who nowe in my decepyng yeeres are growen
Well towarde cyper state of minde and strength,
To take in hande some greater princely charge,

A. b.

As

The Tragedie

As yet they lyue and spende their hopefull daies,
With me and with their Mother here in Courts
Their age nowe asketh other place and trade,
And myne also doth aske an other chaunge,
Theirs to moze trauaile, myne to greater ease:
Whan fatall death shall ende my mortall lyfe,
My purpose is to leaue vnto them twaine
The Realme deuided into two sandrie partes:
The one *Forrex* myne elder sonne shall haue,
The other shall the other *Porrex* rule
That both my purpose may moze frameliie stande,
And eke that they may better rule their charge,
I meane forthwith to place them in the same:
That in my life they maye both learne to rule,
And I may hope to see their rulyng well.
This is in some, what I woulde haue ye wey:
First whether ye allowe my whole deuise,
And thinke it good for me, for them, for you,
And for our Countrey, mother of vs all:
And if ye lyke it and allowe it well,
I haue for their guydinge and their gouernaunce,
Shewe forth the suche meanes of circumstance,
As ye thinke meete to be both knowng and kept:
Loe, this is all, nowe tell me your aduise.

Arosius.

And this is muche, and asketh great aduise,
But for my parte my Soueraigne Lord and kyng
This do I thinke your Maiestie both knowe,
Howe vnder you in Justice and in peace,
Great wealth and Honour, long we haue enjoyed
So as we can not seeme with greedy mindes.

Ex

of Goboduc.

To wisse for change of Prince or gouernance,
But if ye like your purpose and deuise,
Our lykynge must be deemed to procede,
Of rightfull reason, and of heedfull care,
Not for our selues, but for our comen state:
Sith our owne state doth nede no better chaunge
I thinke in all as erst your Grace hath saide:
Firste when you shall vnloose your aged mynde,
Of heuys care and troubles manyfolde,
And laye the same vpon my Lordes your sonnes
Whose growing yeres may bere the burden long
And longe I praye the Goddes to graunt it so:
And in your lyfe while you shall so beholde
Their rule, their vertues and their noble deedes,
Suche as their kinde behighteth to vs all,
Great be the profites that shall growe therof,
Your age in quiet shall the longer last,
Your lastynge age shalbe their longer state,
For cares of kynges, that rule as you haue rulde
For publique wealth and not for priuate loye,
Do wast mannes lyfe and hasten crooked age,
With furrowed face and with enfeebled lymmes,
To drawe on creepynge Death a swifter pace.
They two yet yonge shall beare the partie reigne
With greater ease, than one nowe olde alone
Can welde the whole, for whom muche harder is
With lessened strength the double weight to beare
Your eye, your Counsell, and the graue regarde
Of fathers, yea of suche a fathers name,
Nowe at beginning of their sondred reigne,
When it is hazarde of their whole successe,
Shall

The Tragedie

Shall bryde so their force of youthfull heates,
And so restraine the rage of insolence,
Whiche most assailes the yonge and noble minds;
And so shall guide and traine in tempred state
Their yet greene bending wittes wth reuerent awe
And now inured with vertues at the first.
Custome (O king) shall brynge delightfulnes
By vse of Vertue, Vice shall growe in hate,
But if you so dispose it, that the daye,
Which endes your life, shal first begin their reigne
Great is the perill, what will be the ende,
When suche beginning of suche liberties
Clode of suche states as in your lixe do lye,
Shall leaue them to free randon of their will
An open prae to traiterous flatterie,
The greatest pestilence of noble youthe:
Whiche perill shalbe past, if in your life,
Their tempred youthe with aged fathers awe
Be brought in vse of skilfull staiones
And in your life, their liues disposed so,
Shall length your noble lixe in ioyfulness.
Thus thinke I y^f your grace hath wiselie thought
And that your tender care of cōmen weale,
Hath bred this thought, so to deuide your Lande
And plant your sonnes to beare the present rule
While you yet liue to see their rulyng well,
That you may longer lyue by ioye therein.
What furder meanes behouefull are and meete
At great leisure maye your Grace deuise,
When all haue saide, and when we be agreed
If this be best to parte the Realme in twaine,
And

of Goboduc.

And place your sonnes in present gouernement
Whereof as I haue plainely saide my mynde,
So woulde I here the rest of all my Lordes.

Philander.

In parte I thinke as haue ben saide befoze,
In parte againe my minde is other wise
As for deuiding of this Realme in twaine
And lotting out the same in egall partes,
To either of my Lordes your Graces sonnes,
That thinke I best for this your Realmes behofe,
For profite and aduauncement of your sonnes,
And for your comforte and your honour eke:
But so to place them while your life do last,
To yelde to them your Royall gouernaunce,
To be aboue them onely in the name
Of father, not in kingly state also,
I thinke not good for you, for them, nor vs,
This kingdome since the bloodie ciuill felce
Where *Morgan* slaine did yeld his conquered parte
Vnto his Cosyns sworde in *Camberlande*
Conteineth all that whilome did suffice,
Thzee noble sonnes of your foresather *Brute*,
So your two sonnes, it maye also suffice,
The more the stronger, if thei gree in one:
The smaller compasse that the Realme doth holde
The easier is the swey therof to welde,
The nearer Justice to the wronged pooze,
The smaller charge, and yet ynoughe for one.
And whan the Region is deuided so
That Brethren be the Lordes of either parte,
Such strength doth nature knit betwene the both.

In

The Tragedie

In sondre bodies by conioyned loue
That not as two, but one of doubled force,
Eche is to other as a sure defence,
The Noblenes and glorie of the one
Doth sharpe the courage of the others mynde
With vertuous enuie to contende for praise,
And such an egalnes hath nature made,
Betwene the Brethren of one Fathers seede,
As an unkindlie wronge it seemes to bee,
To thralve the other Subiect vnder feete
Of him, whose Peere he is by course of kinde,
And nature that did make this egalnes,
Ofte so repineth at so great a wronge,
That ofte she rayseth vp a grudgyng griefe,
In yonger Brethren at the elders state:
Wherby both towines & kingdomes haue ben rased
And famous stockes of Royall blood distroied:
The Brother that should be the Brothers aide
And haue a wakefull care for his defence,
Gapes for his death, & blames the lymgering yeres
That brings not forth his ende with faster course
And oft impacient of so longe delayes,
With hatefull slaughter he presentes the fates
And keepes a iust rewarde for Brothers blaode,
With endles vengeance on his stocke for aye:
Suche mischiefes here are wisely mette withall:
If egall state maye nourishe egall loue,
Where none hath cause to grudge at others good,
But nowe the head to scape benth them bothe,
Ne kinde, ne reason, ne good ordre beares,
And oft it hath ben seene, that where Nature
Hath

of Goboduc.

Hath ben p̄uerted in disordered wise,
When Fathers cease to know that thei shuld rule
And Childzen cease to knowe they should obey,
And often our vnkindly tendzences,
Is Mother of vnkindly Stubboznes:
I speake not this in enuie oꝝ reproche,
As if I grudged the glozie of your sonnes,
Whose honour I beseeche the Goddes to encrease:
Noꝝ yet as if I thought there did remaine,
So filthie Tankers in their noble bꝛestes,
Whome I esteeme (whiche is their greatest praise,
Vndoubted children of so good a kyng,
Onelie I meane to shewe my certayne Rules,
Whiche kinde hath graft within the mind of man
That Nature hath her oꝝdꝛe and her course,
Whiche (being bꝛoken) doth coꝝrupt the state
Of mēdes and thinges euen in the best of all
My Lordes your sonnes may learne to rule of you
Your owne example in your noble Courte
Is fittest Guyder of their youtfull yeares,
If you desire to seeke some present Joye
By sight of their well rulyng in your lyfe,
See them obey, so shall you see them rule,
Who so obeyeth not with humblenes
Will rule without rage and with insolence
Longe maye they rule I do beseeche the Goddes,
But longe may they learne ere they begyn to rule
If kinde and fates woulde suffre I would wishe
Them aged Princes and immortall kinges:
Wherfoꝝe most noble kyng I well assent,
Betwene your sonnes y you deuide your Realme,
And

The Tragedie

And as in kinde, so matche them in degree
But while the Goddess prolongue your Royal life
Prolongue your reigne, for therto lyue you here,
And therfore haue the Goddess so longe forborne
To ioyne you to them selues, that still you might
Be Prince and father of our cōmon weale:
They when they se your childzen ripe to rule
Will make them rounne, & wil remoue you hence,
That yours in right ensuyng of your life
Maye rightlie honour your mortall name.

Enbulus.

Your wonted true regarde of faithfull hartes,
Makes me (O kinge) the bolder to presume
To speake what I conceiue within my brest,
Althoughe the same do not agree at all
With that whiche other here my Lords haue said
For whiche your selfe haue seemed best to lyke,
Pardon I craue and that my wordes be deemde
To flowe from hartie zeale vnto your Grace,
And to the safetie of your cōmon weale:
To parte your Realme vnto my Lords your sones
I thinke not good for you, ne yet for them,
But worst of all, for this our Native Lande:
For with one Lande, one single rule is best:
Deuided Reignes, do make deuided hartes.
But Peace preserues the Countrey & the Prince.
Suche is in man the gredie minde to reigne,
So great is his desire to climbe alofte,
In worldly Stage the stateliest partes to beare,
That faith and Justice and all kindly loue,
Do yelde vnto desire of Soueraigntie:

Where

of Goboduc.

Where egall state doth raise an egall hope
To winne the thing that either wold attaine
Your grace remembzeth howe in passed yeres
The mightie *Brute*, first Prince of all this Lande
Possessed the same and ruled it well in one,
He thinking that the compasse did suffice
For his thzee sonnes, thzee kingdoms eke to make
Cut it in thzee, as you would now in twaine:
But how much Brutish blod hath sithence be spilt
To ioyne againe the sondzed unitie?
What Princes slaine befoze their timely honour?
What wast of towne and people in the Lande?
What Treasons heaped on murders & on spoiles?
Whose iust reuenge euen yet is scarcely ceased,
Ruthesfull remembraunce is yet had in minde:
The Gods forbyd the like to chauce againe
And you (O king) geue not the cause therof:
My Lorde *Ferrex* your elder sonne, perhappes
Whome kinde and custome geues a rightfull hope
To be your Heire and to succede your Reigne,
Shall thinke that he doth suffre greater wronge
Than he perchaunce will beare, if power serue
Forre the younger so vnpassed in state,
Perhappes in courage will be raised also,
If flatterie then whiche sayles not to assaile
The tendze mindes of yet unskillfull youth,
In one shall kinde and encrease disdaine;
And Enue in the others harte enflame,
This ire shall waste their loue, their liues, theire
And ruthesfull ruine shal destroy them both. (land)
I wishe not this (O kyng) so to befall

W. I.

But

The Tragedie

But feare the thing, that I do most abhorre
Geue no beginning to so dreadfull ende,
Keepe them in order and obedience:
And let them both by now obeyinge you,
Learne suche behaviour as becomes their state.
The Elder, myldenes in his gouernaunce,
The younger, a yeldyng contentednes:
And kepe them neare vnto your pzeſence ſtill,
That they reſtreined by the awe of you,
Maye liue in compaſſe of well tempred ſtate,
And paſſe the perilles of their youthfull yeares.
Your aged life drawes on to febler tyme,
Wherin you ſhall leſſe able be to beare
The trauailes that in youth you haue ſuſtained
Both in your perſons and your Realmes defence
If planting nowe your ſonnes in furdur partes,
You ſende them furdur from your pzeſent reache
Leſſe ſhal you know how they the ſelues demaund
Traiterous corrupters of their pliant youthe,
Shall haue vnſpied a muche more free acceſſe,
And of ambition and inflamed diſdaine
Shall arme the one, the other, or them bothe
To ryuill warre, or to vſurpinge pride.
Late ſhall you rue, that you ne recked befoze:
Good is I graunt of all to hope the beſt,
But not to liue ſtill dzeadles of the woꝛſt,
So truſte the one, that the other be ſoſſene,
Arme not vnſkilfulnes with princely power
But you that longe haue wiſely ruled the reignes
Of royaltie within your noble Realme
So holde them, while the Gods ſo; our auayles
Shall-

of Goboduc.

Shall stretch the threde of your prolonged daies
To soone he clame, into the flaming Carte
Whose want of skyll did set the earth on fire,
Time and example of your noble Grace,
Shall teach your sonnes both to obey and rule:
Whan time hath taught the, time shall make the
The place that now is full: and so I praise (pace
Longe it remaine, to comforte of vs all.

Goboduc.

I take your faithfull hartes in thankfull parte
But sithe I see no cause to drawe my minde,
To feare the nature of my louing sonnes,
Or to misdeme that Enuis or disdaine,
Can there worke hate, where nature planteth loue
In one selfe purpose do I still abide,
My loue extendeth egally to bothe,
My Lande sufficeth for them bothe also:
Humber shall parte the Marches of their Realmes:
The Sotherne parte the elder shall possesse,
The Northerne shall Porrex the yonger rule,
In quiet I will passe mine aged daies,
Free from the traaille and the painefull cares
That hasten age vpon the worthiest kinges.
But lest the fraude that ye do seeme to feare
Of flatterynge tongues, corrupt their tender youth
And wexeth them to the waies of youthfull lust,
To climyng pride, or to reuengyng hate
Or to neglecting of their carefull charge
Lewdely to lyue in wanton recklessness,
Or to oppressing of the rightfull cause

The Tragedie

Not to wreke the wronges done to the poore
To treade downe tructh, or fauour false decelte
I meane to ioyne to eyther of my sonnes
Some one of those whose longe approued faith
And wisdom tried may well assure my harte:
That mynyng fraude shall finde no way to crepe
Into their fensed eares with grace aduise:
This is the ende, and so I praye you all
To beare my sonnes the loue and loyaltie
That I haue founde within your faithful breaſts.

Arctus.

You, nor your sonnes, our soneraigne Lord shall
Our faith & seruiſe while our liues do laſt. (want

Chorus.

When ſettled ſtaie doth holde the royall thronē,
In ſtedfaſt place by known and doubtes right:
And chiefly whan diſcent on one alone
Make ſingle and vnparted reigne to light.
Eche chaunge of courſe vniſoynts the whole eſtate
And yeldes it thꝛall to rayne by debate.

The ſtrength that knit by laſſe accorde in one
Againſt all foꝛrein power of mightie foes,
Could of it ſelfe defende it ſelfe alone,
Diſioyned once, the ſoꝛmer ſoyce doth loſe
The ſtickes, that ſondꝛed bꝛake ſo ſoone in twaite
In ſaggot bounde attempted were in vaine.

Oft tender minde that leades the perſiſſall eye
Of erringe parentes in their childꝛens loue,
Deſtroies the wrongfull loued childe therby:

This

of Goboduc.

This doth the proude sonne of *Appollo* proue,
Who rashely set in Chariot of his fire:
Inflamed the perched earth with heauens fire.

And this great king, that doth deuide his land,
And changed the course of his discending crowne
And yeldes the reigne into his childrens hande
From blisfull state of ioye and great renoune,
A Myrrour shall become to Princes all
To learne to shunne the cause of suche a fall.

The order and signification of the
dōme shewe befoze the second Acte.

First the Musicke of Cornettes began to playe,
during whiche came in vpon the Stage a kinge
accompanied with a nombze of his Nobyltie &
Gentlemen. And after he had placed him selfe in
a Chaire of estate prepared for him: there came
and kneled befoze him a graue and aged Gentil-
man and offered by a Cuppe vnto hym of Wyne
in a glasse, whiche the kynge refused. After him
comes a braue and lustie yong Gentelman and
presents the king with a Cup of Golde filled wth
posson, which the king accepted, & drynkinge the
saue, immediatly fell down dead vpon y^e Stage, &
so was carried thence awaye by his Lordes and
Gentlemen, & then the Musicke ceased. Hereby
was signified, that as Glasse by nature holdeth
no payson, but is clere and maye easely be seene
throughe, ne howeth by any Arte; So a falschull
Counsellour

The Tragedie

Counsellour holdeth no treason, but is playne & open, ne yeldeth to any vndiscrete affection, but geueth holosome Counsell, whiche the yll aduised Prince refuseth. The delightfull golde filled wth payson betokeneth Flattery, whiche vnder faire seeming of pleasaunt words beareth deadly payson, whiche destroyeth the Prince y^e receiveth it. As befell in the two brethren Ferrex and Porrex who refusing the holosome aduise of graue Counsellours, credited these ponge Paracites, & brought to them selues death and destruction thereby.

Actus secundus. Scena prima.

Ferrex, Hermon, Dordan.

Ferrex.

I Persuade muche what reason leade the kynges
My father thus without all my deserte
To reue me halfe y^e kingdome which by course
Of lawe and nature shuld remayne to me.

Hermon.

If you with stubborne and vntamed pryde
Had stood against him in rebellious wise,
Or if with grudging minde you had enuied
So slowe a slidinge of his aged yeres,
Or sought before your time to haste the course
Of fatall death vpon his Royall head,
Or stained your stocke with murder of your kyn:
Some face of reason might perhaps haue seemed
To yelde some likely cause to spoile ye thus.

Ferrex

of Bozoduc.

Ferrex.

The wretchedfull Gods poizre on my cursed head,
Eternall plagues and neuer dyinge woes,
The Hellish Prince, adiudge my dampned ghoste
To *Tantalus* thirste, or pouldre *Ixion* wheele
O cruell Gripe to gnawe my growing harte
To durynge tormentes and unquenched flames
If euer I conceiued so foule a thought,
To wishe his ende of life, or yet of reigne.

Dordan.

Be yet your father (O most noble Prince)
Did euer thinke so fawle a thing of you
For he with more than fathers tendre loue
While yet the fates do lende him life to rule,
(Albo long might lyue to se your ruleynge well)
To you my Lorde, and to his other sonne
Lo he resignes his Realme and Royaltie
Whiche neuer would so wise a Prince haue done
If he had ones misdeined that in your harte
There euer lodged so unkinde a thought.
But tendre loue (my Lorde) and settled truste
Of your good nature, and your noble minde
Hade him to place you thus in Royall throne
And now to geue you half his realme to guide
Pea and that halfe within abounding store
Of things that serue to make a welthie Realme
In statelie Cities and in frutefull soyle,
In temperate breathing of the milder heauen,
In thinges of nedefull vse, whiche frendlie Sea
Transportes by traffike from the soveraine Portes.
In flowing wealth, in honour and in force,

B. iij.

Dotte

THE PLAYERS

Doth passe the double value of the parte
That Porrex hath allotted to his reigne,
Suche is your ease, suche is your fathers loue.

Ferrex.

Oh loue, my frendes, loue wrongs not whom he
Dardan. (loues.

Pe yet he wrongeth you that geueth you
So large a reigne ere that the course of tyme
Bringe you to kingdome by discended right,
Which time perhaps might end your time before.

Ferrex.

Is this no wrong, saie you, to reauue from me
My native right of halfe so great a realme,
And thus to matche his yonger sonne with me
In egall power, and in as great degree:
Yea & what sonne? y sonne whose swellung pryde
Woulde neuer yelde one point of reuerence,
When I the Elder and apparaunt beire
Stoode in the likelyhode to possesse the whole
Yea and that sonne whiche from his childishe age
Enuieth myne honour, and doth hate my life,
What will he now do? when his pryde, his rage,
The mindefull malice of his grudging harte
Is armed with force, with wealth and kingly state

Hermon.

Was this not wrong: yea yll aduised wrong
To giue so mad a man so sharpe a sworde,
To so great perill of so great misshappe,
To open thus to set so large a waye.

Dardan.

Alas my Lorde, what griefull thing is this?
That

of Goboduc.

That of your brother you can thinke so ill
I neuer sawe him vtter likeli signe
Wherby a man might see oꝛ once misdoeme
Suche hate of you, ne suche vneldinge pride
All is their counsell, shamefull be their ende,
That raising suche mistrustfull feare in you,
Sowing the seede of suche vnkindly hate,
Trauaile by reason to destroy you both:
Wise is your brother and of noble hope,
Worthy to welde a large and mightie Realme
So muche a stronger frende haue you therby,
Whose strength is your strength, if you gree in one.

Hermion.

If nature and the Goddes had pinched so
Their flowing bountie and their noble giftes
Of Princelie qualtyes from you my Lorde
And powde them all at ones in wastfull wise
Upon your fathers younger sonne alone:
Perhappes there be that in your preiudice
Would saie that birth shuld yeld to worthines:
But sithe in eche good gift and Princelie Acte
We are his matche, and in the chiefe of all
In mildenes and in sobze gouernaunce
Ye farre surmount: And sithe there is in you
Sufficing skill and hopefull towardnes
To weld the whole, and match your Elders praise
I see no cause whye ye should loose the halfe,
He wold I wishe you yelde to suche a losse:
Lest your milde sufferance of so great a wronge
Be deemed cowardishe and simple dreade:
Whichs shall geue courage to the fierie head

B. b.

Of

The Tragedie

Of your yonge Brother to inuade the whole,
Whiles yet therfore sticke in the peoples mynde
The lothed wronge of your disheritaunce,
And ere your Brother haue by settled power,
By guylefull cloke of an allurynge shewe,
Got him some force and fauour in this Realme
And while the noble Queene your mother lyues,
To worke and practice all for your auaille
Attempt redresse by Armes, and weake your selfe
Upon his life, that gaineth by your losse,
Who nowe to shame of you, and grieve of vs
In your owne kingdome triumphes ouer you:
Shew now your courage meete for kingly estate
That thei which haue auowed to spend their goods
Their landes, their liues & honours in your cause,
Maye be the bolder to mainteine your parte
Whan thei do see that cowardly feare in you,
Shall not betraye ne saile their faithfull hartes.
If ones the death of Porrex ende the strife,
And paie the price of his vsurped Reigne,
Your Mother shall perswade the angry kynge,
The Lords your friends eke shall appease his rage
For thei be wise, and well thei can foresee,
That ere longe time your aged fathers death
Will brynge a time when you shall well requite
Their frendlie fauour, or their hatefull spite.
Yea, or their slackenes to auance your cause
Wise men do not so hange on passyng state
Of present Princes, chiefly in their age.
But they will further cast their reaching eye
To viewe and weigh the times & reignes to come
Be

of Gobodur.

He is it lykely thowghe the kinge be wythe
That he yet will, or that the Realme will beare
Extreme reuenge vpon his onely sonne:
Or if he woulde, what one is he that dare
Be minnstre to suche an enterpryse.
And here you be now placed in your owne
Amyd your frendes, your bassalles & your strength
We shall defende and kepe your person safe
Tyll either counsell turne his tender minde
Or age, or sorowe eyde his werte daies
But if the feare of Goddes and secrete grudge
Of Natures Lawe, reppynge at the acte,
Withholde your courage from so great attempt:
Knowe ye that lust of kingdomes hath no Lawe
The Goddes do beare and well allowe in kinges
The thinges they abhorre in rascall routes.
When kinges on slender quarrels run to warres
And than in cruell and unkindely wise,
Comaunde thestes, rapes, murder of Innocentes
To spoile of towne, & reignes of mighty realmes
Thinke you such Princes do suppress the selues
Subiect to Lawes of kinde and feare of Gods,
Yet none offence, but decked with glorious name
Of noble Conquestes in the handes of kinges,
Murders and violent thestes in priuate men
Are heynous crimes and full of foule reproche:
But if you like not yet so hote deuisse,
He list to take suche bauntage of the time.
But thowghe with great perill of your state
You wil not be the first that shall inuade,
Assemble yet your force for your defence,

And

The Tragedie

And for your safetie stande vpon your garde,
Dordan.

O heauen was there euer harde or knowen,
So wicked Counsell to a noble Prince:
Let me (my Lozde) disclose vnto your grace
This heynous tale, what mischief it conteynes:
Your fathers death, your brothers and your owne
your present murder and eternall shame:
Heare me (O king) and suffre not to sinke
So highe a treason in your Princelie brest.

Ferrex.

The mightie Goddes forbid that euer I
Should once conceiue suche mischief in my hart
Althoughe my Brother hath bereft my Realme
And beare perhappes to me an hatefull minde,
Shall I reuenge it, with his death therfore?
Or shall I so destroy my fathers lyfe
That gaue me life: the Gods forbid I saye,
Cease you to speake so any more to me
Be you my friende with Answer once repeate
So foule a tale, in silence let it die:
What Lozde or Subject shall haue hope at all
That vnder me they safely shall enioye
Their goods, their honours, landes and liberties,
With whome, neither one onely brother deare
Nor father dearer, coulde enioye their lyues:
But sithe, I feare my younger brothers rage,
And sithe perhappes some other man may giue
Some like aduise, to moue his grudging head
At mine estate: whiche counsell may perchaunce
Take greater force with him, than this with me,

of Goboduc.

I will in secreete so prepare my selfe,
As if his malice or his lust to reigne
Breake forth with Armes or sodeine violence
I may withstande his rage and kepe myns owne.

Dordan.

I feare the fatall tinte now draweth on
When ciuill hate shall ende the noble lyne
Of famous *Brute* and of his Royall seede
Great *Ioue* defende the mischieses now at hande
That the Secretaries wise aduise
Had erst ben harde whan he besought the kynge
Not to deuide his lande, nor sende his sonnes
To further partes from p[re]sence of his Courte
As yet to yelde to them his gouernaunce
As suchs are they now in the Royall throns
As was rashe *Phaeton* in *Phebus* Carre
As then the fiery Steedes did drawe the flame
With wilder randon throug the kindled skies
Then traiterous counsell now will wherle about
The youtfull heads of these vnskilfull kinges,
But I hereof their father will enforce
The reuerence of him perhappes shall stave
The growing mischieses, while thei yet are grene
If this helpe not, then wo vnto them selues,
The Prince, the people, the deuided lande.

Actus secundus. Scena secunda.

Porrex. Tyndar. Philander.

Porrex.

The Tragedie

Porrex

And is it thus? And doth he so prepare
Against his Brother as his mortall foe?
And now while yet his aged father lyues:
Neither regards he him: nor scares he me?
Warre would he haue: and he shall haue it so.

Tyndar.

I sawe my selfe the great prepared store
Of Horse, of Armour and of weapons there,
He bypunge I to my Lorde reported tales
Without the ground of scene and serched trouthes
Loe secrete quarrelles runne about his Courte
To bringe the name of you my Lorde in hate
Eche man almost can now debate the cause
And aske a reason of so great a wronge,
While he so noble and so wise a Prince,
Is as vnworthie rest his Heritage.
And while the kinge mislead by craftie meanes
Deubed thus his lande from course of right.
The wiser sorte holde downe their griefull heades
Eche man withdrawes from talke and companie,
Of those that haue ben knownen to fauour you,
To hide the mischiefe of their meaninge there,
Rumours are spred of your preparynge here.
The Rascall nombres of the vnskilfull sorte
Are filled with monstrous tales of you and yours
In secrete I was counsailed by my frendes
To haile me thence, and brought you as you know
Letters from those, that both can truely tell
And would not wyte vnlesse they knewe it well.

Philander.

of Bozoduc.

Philander.

My Lorde, yet ere you nowe unkindely warre,
Sende to your Brother to demaunde the cause.
Perhappes some trayterous tales haue filled his
w false reports against your noble grace: (eares
Which once disclosed shal ende the growing strife
That els not staied with wise foresight in time
Shall hazarde both your kingdomes & your lyues:
Sende to your father eke, he shal appease
Your kindled mindes, and rid you of this feare.

Porrex.

Wilde me of feare? I feare him not at all:
He will to him, ne to my father sende
If daunger were for one to tarpe there
Thinke ye it safely to retourne againe.
In mischiefes suche as Ferrex nowe intendes
The wonted courteous Lawes to Messengers
Are not obserued, whiche in iust warre they vse.
Shall I so hazarde any one of myne?
Shall I betraye my trustie friende to hym?
That hath disclosed his treason vnto me?
Let him entreate that feares, I feare him not:
Or shall I to the kinge my father sende?
Yea and sende nowe while suche a mother lyues
That loues my Brother and that hateth mee?
Shall I geue leasure by my sonde delays
To Ferrex to oppresse me at vnware?
I will not, but I will invade his Realme
And seeke the Traitor Prince within his Court
Mischiefe for mischief is a due rewarde.
His wretched head shal paie the worthy price

De

The Tragedie

Of this his Treason and his hate to me
Shall I abide, entreate and sende and praye?
And holde my yelden throte to Traitors knife?
While I with valiaunt minde & conquering force
Might rid my selfe of foes: and winne a Realme,
Yet rather when I haue the wretches head,
Than to the king my father will I sende,
The booteles case may yet appease his wyath:
If not I will defend me as I maye.

Philander.

Loe here the ende of these two youthfull kings
The fathers deth, the reigne of their two realmes
O most vnhappy state of Counsellours
That light on so vnhappy Lordes and times
That neither can their good aduise be harde,
Yet must thei beare the blames of yll successe
But I will to the king their father haste
Ere this mischiefe come to that likely ende,
That if the mindefull wyath of wrekefull Gods
Since mightie *Ilions* fall not yet appeased
With these pooze remnant of the *Troians* name
Haue not determinedlye vnmoued fate
Out of this Realme to rase the *British* Line
By good aduise, by aune of fathers name
By force of wiser Lordes, this kindled hate
Maye yet be quentched, ere it consume vs all.

Chorus.

When youth not bridled with a guyding state
Is left to randon of their owne delight (state,
And welds whole Realmes, by force of soueraigne
Great

of Goboduc.

Great is the daunger of vnmistred might
Lest skilles rage thow downe with headlong fall
Their lands, their states, their liues, them selues &
(all.

When growling pride doth fill the swelling brest
And greedy lust doth raise the clymbyng minde
Oh hardlie maye the perill be repress,
Ne feare of angrie Goddes, ne Lawes kinde,
Ne Countrie care can fiered hartes restrayne
When force hath armed Enue and disdain.

When kinges of foreset wyll neglecte the rede,
Of best aduise, and yelde to pleasynge tales
That do their fancies noysonte humour feede
Ne reason, nor regarde of right auailles
Succedynge heapes of plagues shall teache to late
To learne the mischieses of misguydinge state.

Fooule fall the Traitor false that vndermines
The loue of Brethrene to destroye them bothe
Who to the Prince, that pliant care enclynes,
And yeldes his minde to paysonous tale, & floweth
From flatterynge mouth, & wo to wretched lande
That waits it selfe with ciuill sworde in hande.

Loe, thus it is payson in golde to take,
And hollesome drinke in homely Cuppe forsake.

The order and signification of the
dome shew before the thirde Act.

Firste the Musicke of Flutes began to playe,
C l. duringe

The Tragedie

during which came in vpon the Stage a compa-
nye of Mourners all clad in blacke betokeninge
Death and sorowe to ensue vpon the yll aduised
misgouernement and discentron of Bzetherne,
as befel vpon the Murder of Perex by his yonger
Brother. After the Mourners had passed thysse
about the stage, thei departed, and than the Mu-
sicke ceased,

Actus tertius. Scena prima.

Corboduc. Eubulus. Arostus. Philander. Nuntius.

Corboduc.

O Cruell fates, O mindfull wrath of Goddes,
whose vengeaunce neither Simois streined strea,
Flowing w blood of Troian Princes slaine (mes
Noz Phrygian fieldes made rancke w CorpSES dead
Of Asian kynges and Lordes can yet appease,
Ne slaughter of vnhappie Pryams race
Noz Ilions fall made leuell with the soile,
Can yet suffice: but still continued rage,
Pursue our lyues, and from the farthest Seas
Doth chaste the issues of destroyed Troye:
Oh no man happie, tyll his ende be scene,
If any flowyng wealth and seemyng Joye
In present peresmyght make a happy wight,
Happie was Hecuba the wofullest wretche
That euer lyued to make a Myrrour of
And happie Pryam with his noble sonnes,
And happie I till nowe. Alas, I see

And

Of Gododuc.

And feele my most unhappie wretchednes:
Beholde my Lordes, reade ye this Letter here
Lde it contaynes the ruyne of our Realme
If timelie speede prouide not haste helpe
Yet (O ye Goddes) if euer wofull kynge
Might moue you kings of kinges, wke it on me
And on my Sonnes, not on this guiltles Realme.
Sende down your wasting flames from wrathful
To reue me & my sones the hateful breath (skies
Reade, reade my Lordes: this is the matter whie
I called ye nowe to haue your good aduyse.

C: The Letter from Dordan the
Counsellour of the elder Prince.

Enbulus readeth the Letter.

My Soueraigne Lord, what I am loth to write
But lothest am to see, that I am forced
By Letters nowe to make you vnderstande
My Lord Ferrex your eldest sonne mislead
By Traitors fraude of yong vntempered wittes
Assembleth force against your yonger sonne,
He can my Counsell yet withdrawe the heate
And furious pangas of his enflamed head:
Disoaine (saith he) of his inheritaunce
Armes him to wke the great pretended wronge
With cluyll sword vpon his Brothers life,
If present helpe do not restraine this rage
His flame will wast your sones, your land & you.
Your Maisties faithfull and most
humble Subiecte Dordan,

C. II.

Arrestus

The Tragedie

Arctus.

O King, appease your griefe & state your plaint
Great is the matter and a wolfull case
But timely knowledge maye bringe timely
Scnde for the both vnto your presence here (help
The reuerence of your honour age and state
Your graue aduise, the awe of fathers name
Shall quickelie knit againe this broken peere:
And if in either of my Lordes your sonnes
Be suche vitamed and vnyelding pride
As will not bende vnto your noble Vestes.
If Ferrex the elder sonne can beare no peere,
O Porrex not content, aspires to more
Then you him gaue, aboue his Natue right:
Ioyne with the iustice side, so shall you force
Them to agree: and holde the Lande in state.

Eubulus.

What meaneth this? Loe yonder comes in hast
Philander from my Lord your yonger sonne.

Corbodus.

The Goddes sende ioyfull newes.

Philander.

The mightie Ioue
Preserue your Maiestie, O noble kinge.

Corbodus.

Philander, welcome: But how doth my sonne?

Philander.

Your sonne, sir, lyues and healthie & him left:
But yet (O kinge) this want of lustfull health
Could not be half so griefefull to your Grace,
As these most wretched tidynge that I bringe.

Corbodus

of Gorboduc.

Gorboduc.

O heauens yet more no ende of woes to mee:
Philander.

Tyndar, O kyng, came lately from the Courte
Of *Ferrex*, to my Lorde your yonger sonne,
And made reporte of great prepared force
Of warre, and saith that it is whollie ment
Against *Porrex* for highe disoayne that he
Lyes nowe a kyng and egall in degree
With him, that claimeth to succede the whole,
As by due title of discendinge right
Porrex is nowe set on flamyng fire,
Partely with kindled rage of cruell wrathe,
Partely with hope to gaine a Realine therby,
That he in haste prepareth to invade
His Brothers Lande, and with unkindely warre
Threatens the murder of your elder sonne,
He coulde I him perswade that first he should
Sende to his Brother to demaunde the cause,
For yet to you to staie his hatefull strife.
Wherefore sithe there no more I can be harde,
I come my selfe nowe to enfornte your Grace:
And to beseeche you, as you loue the life
And safetie of your Children and your Realine,
Nowe to emploie your wisdome and your force
To staie this mischiefe ere it be to late.

Gorboduc.

Are thei in Armes? would he not sende for me?
Is this the honour of a Fathers name?
In vaine we trauaile to asswage their mindes
As if their hartes whome neither Brothers loue

C.iii.

Per

The Tragedie

No: Fathers awe, no: kingdomes care can moue
Our Counsels could withdraue from ragging heat
Ioue slaye them both, and ende the cursed Lyne
For though perhappes feare of suche mightie force
As I my Lords, ioyned with your noble Aides
Maye yet raise, shall represseth their present heate,
The secreete grudge and malyce will remayne
The fire not quentched, but kept in close restraint
Head stil within, breakes forth with double flame
Their death and mine must peaze the angrie gods

Philander.

Welde not, O king, so muche to weake dispaier
Your sonnes yet lyue, and long I trust, they shall:
If fates had taken you from earthly life
Before begynning of this ciuill strife:
Perhaps your sonnes in their vnmaistered youth,
Lose from regarde of any luyng wight,
Wolde runne on headlonge, with vnbridled Race
To their owne death and ruine of this Realme.
But sith the Gods that haue the care for kinges,
Of thinges and times dispose the order so
That in your life this kindled flame breakes forth
While yet your lyfe, your wisdom & your power,
Maye stae the growing mischief, and represseth
The fierie blaze of their inkindled heate
It seemes, and so ye ought to deeme therof,
That luyng *Ioue* hath tempzed so the time
Of this debate to happen in your daies
That you yet luyng maye the same appeaze,
And adde it to the glozie of your latter age
And they your sonnes maye learne to liue in peace
Beware

of Gobodue,

Beware (O kynge) the greatest harme of all,
Lest by your waylesful plaints your hastened death
Yelde larger rounne vnto their growyng rage:
Preserue your lyfe, the onely hope of state:
And if your highnes herein list to vse
Wisdomme or force, Counsell or knightly aide:
Loe we our persons, powers and lyues are yours,
Vse vs tyll Death, O king, we are your owne.

Eubulus.

Loe here the perill that was erst forfene
When you, (O king) did first deuide your Lande,
And yelde your present raigne vnto your sonnes.
But nowe (O noble Prince) nowe is no time
To wayle and plaine, and wast your wofull lyfe,
Nowe is the time for present good aduise,
So, we doth darke the Iudgement of the wytt
The Hart unbroken and the courage free
From feble faintnes of booteles dispaier
Doth either rise to safetie or renowne
By noble valure of bruanquished minde
Or yet doth perishe in more happie sorte
Your Grace maye sende to either of your sonnes
Some one both wise and noble personage,
Which with good counsel & with weightie name
Of father shall present before their eyes
Your best, your lixe, your safetie and their owne
The present mischiese of their deadlie strife
And in the while, assemble you the force
Whiche your Comaundement and the spedie hast
Of all my Lordes here present can prepare:
The terrour of your mightie power shall kepe

C.iii.

The

The Tragedie

The rage of bothe, or yet of one at leſt.

Nuntius.

O King the greateſt griefe that euer Prince dyd
That euer wofull Meſſenger did tell, (here
That euer wretched Lande hath ſene befoze
I bringe to you. Porrex your yonger ſonne
With ſoden force, inuaded hath the lande
That you to Ferrex did allotte to rule:
And with his owne moſt bloudie hande he hath
His Brother ſlaine, and doth poſſeſſe his Realme.

Corboduc.

O Heaues ſend down the flames of your reuenge,
Deſtroie I ſaie w ſlaſhe of wrekefull fier
The Traitor ſonne, and than the wretched ſire:
But let vs go, that yet perhappes I maye
Die with reuenge, and peaze the hateful gods.

Chorus.

The luſt of kingdomes knowes no ſacred faith
No rule of Reaſon, no regarde of right
No kindlie loue, no feare of heauens wrathe:
But with contempt of Goddes, and mans deſpite,
Thzough blodie ſlaughter doth prepare the waies
To fatall Scepter and accursed reigne.
The ſonne ſo lothes the fathers lincerynge daies,
He dreads his hand in Brothers blode to ſtaine
O wretched Prince, ne doest thou yet recozde
The yet freſhe Murthers done within the Lande
Of thie fozeſathers, when the cruell ſwozde
Berest Morgan his liſe with Colyns hande:
Thus fatall plagues purſue the gillie race
Whoe murderous hand imbzed w gillies blood

Alfred

of Gorboduc.

Askes vengeaunce befoze the heauens face,
With endles mischiefes on the cursed broode.
The wicked childe this brings to wofull Dier
The mournfull plaintes to wast his wery life:
Thus do the cruell flames of Ciuell fier
Destroye the parted reigne with hatefull strife.
And hence both spring the well frō which doth flo:
The dead black streames of mournings, plaints &
woe.

The order and signification of the
dōme shewe befoze the fourth Acte.

First the Musick of Holweboies began to plaie,
durtyge whiche there came forth from vnder the
Stage, as thoughe out of Hell thzee Furies. *Al-*
lecto, Megera & Ctesiphone clad in blacke garments
sprinkled with bloud & flames, their bodies girt
with snakes, their heds spread with Serpents in
steade of heare, the one bearinge in her hande a
Snake, the other a whip, & the thirde a burning
Firebrande: eche dreyng befoze them a kynge
and a Queene, whiche moued by Furies vnna-
turallye had slaine their owne Childzen. The
names of the kings & Queenes were these. *Tan-*
talus, Medea, Athamas, Ino, Cambises, Alibea, af-
ter that the Furies and these had passed aboute
the Stage thise, they departed & than the Mu-
sicke ceased: hereby was signified the vnnaturall
Murders to followe, that is to saie. *Porrer* slaine
by his owne Mother. And of king *Gorboduc* and
Eugene killed by their owne Subiectes.

C.v.

Actus

The Tragedie

Actus quintus. Scenaprimum.

Vidensola.

Viden.

V Why should I lyue and lynger forth my tyme
In longer lise to double my distresse?
O me most wofull wight whome no mishap
Long ere this daie could haue bereued hence.
Nought not these handes by fortune or by fate,
Haue perst this brest and life with Iron rest,
Or in this Pallace here where I so longe
Haue spent my daies, could not that happie houre
Once, once haue hapt I which these hugie frames
With death by fall night haue oppressed me
Or should not this most hard and cruell soile,
So oft where I haue prest my wretched steps
Sometime had ruthe of myne accursed lise,
To rendre in twaine and swallowe me therein,
So had my bones possessed nowe in peace
Their happie graue within the closed grounde
And greedie wormes had gnawen this pyned hart
Without my feelynge paine: So shulde not nowe
This lyuynge brest remayne the ruthfull tombe
Wherin my hart yelden to death is graued:
Nor dylery thoughts with panges of pining grieke
My dolefull minde had not afflicted thus,
O my beloued sonne: O my swete childe,
O my deare Ferrex, my Ioye, my lyues delyght.
As my welbeloued sonne, as my swete childe,
O my deare Ferrex, my Ioye, my lyues delighe

Murdered

of Gorboduc.

Murdered with cruell death: O hateful wretch,
O heynous Traytour bothe to heauen and earth,
Thou Porrex, thou this damned dede hast wrought
Thou Porrex, thou shalt dearely aby the same,
Traytour to kinne and kinde, to Sire and me,
To thyne owne fleshe, and Traytour to thy selfe
The Gods on the in hell shall weke their wrath,
And here in earth this hand shall take reuenge
On the Porrex, thou false and captiue wight,
If after blode, so eigre were thy thirst
And Murderous minde had so possessed thee,
If suche hard hart of Roke and stonie Flint
Lpyed in thy brest, that nothing elles could like
Thy cruell Tyntes thought but death & bloode
Wild sauage beasts mought not slaughter serue
To fede thy gredie will, and in the myddest
Of their entrailes to staine thy deadlie handes
With blode deserued, and drinke therof thy fyll:
Or if nought els but death and bloud of man
Mought please thy lust, could none in Brytain land
Whose hart he tozne out of his lounyng brest
With thine owne hand, or work what death thou
Suffice to make a Sacrifice to appeaze (woldest
That deadlie minde & murderous thought in the?
But he who in the self same wombe was wrapped
Where thou in dismall hower receiuedst life?
Or if nedes, nedes this hand must slaughter make
Moughtst thou not haue reached a mortall wound
And w thy sworde haue perced this cursed wombe
That the accursed Porrex brought to lyght?
And geuen me a iust rewarde therfore.

The Tragedie

So Ferrex, if swete life mought haue enioyed
 And to his aged father comfort brought,
 W some yong sonne in whom thei both might liue
 But wherevnto wast I this ruthesfull speche:
 To the that hast thy brothers bloud thus shed
 Shall I stil think y from this wombe thou sprong:
 That I thee bare: or take thee for my sonne:
 No Traytour, no: I the refuse for mine,
 Murderer I thee renounce, thou art not mine:
 Neuer, O wretche, this wombe conceived thee,
 Nor neuer bode I painefull throwes for thee:
 Changeling to me thou art, and not my childe
 Nor to no wight, that sparke of pytie knewe,
 Ruthles, unkind, Monster of natures worke.
 Thou neuer suckte the milke of womans breaste
 But from thy birth the cruell Tigris teates
 Haue nursed, nor yet of fleshe and bloud
 Formed is thy hart, but of hard Iron wrought.
 And wilde and desert woods breade thee to lyfe:
 But canst thou hope to scape my iust reuenge:
 Or that these handes will not be wooke on thee:
 Dost thou not knowe that Ferrex mother lyues
 That loued him more dearelie then her selfe:
 And doth she lyue, and is not venged on thee:

Actus quartus. Scena secunda.

Corboduc, Arosius Eubulus. Porrex. Marcella.

Corboduc.
(State)
We marueyle muche wherto this lingers
faller

of Corboduc.

Falles out so longe : Porrex vnto our Courte
By order of our Letters is retourned
And Eubulus receyued from vs by hest
At his arriuale here to geue him charge
Besore our p[re]sence streight to make repaire
And yet we haue no worde wherof he stales.

Arostus

Loe where he comes and Eubulus with hym.

Eubulus.

Accorbynge to your highnes hest to me
Here haue I Porrex brought euen in suche sort
As from his wried Horse he did alighte,
For that your Grace did will suche haste therein.

Corboduc.

We like and praise this spedie wyll in you
To worke the thing that to your charge we gaue
Porrex, if we so farre shulde swarue from kinde,
And fro these bounds which lawes of Nature sets
As thou hast done by vile and wretched dedde
In cruell murder of thy Brothers life,
Our p[re]sent hande coulde stais no lenger tyme,
But streight shuld bathe this blade in bloud of the
As iust reuenge of thy detested cryme.
No. we shuld not offende the lawe of kinde,
If nowe this sworde of ours did stais thee here:
For thou hast murdered him whose heinous death
Euen Natures force doth moue vs to reuenge
By bloud againe: But Justice forceth vs
To measure Death for Death, thy due deserte,
Yet sithens thou art our childe, and sithe as yet
In this harde case what worde thou canst alledge

For

My Defence

For thy defence, by vs hath not ben harde
We are content to staie our wyll for that
Whiche Justice biddes vs presently to worke:
And geue the leaue to vse thie speache at full
If ought thou haue to laye for thine excuse.

Porrex.

Neither O kyng, I can oz wyll denie
But that this hande from Ferrex lyfe hath rest:
Whiche fact how much my doleful hart doth waille
Oh would it mought as full appeare to sight
As inwarde grieve doth powre it forth to me,
So yet perhappes if euer ruthesfull hart
Meling in teares within a manlie brest
Throughe depe repentaunce of his bloudie facte
If euer grieve, if euer wofull man
Might moue regreite with sorowe of his fault,
I thinke the torment of my mournesfull case
Knowen to your grace, as I do feele the same,
Woulde soze euen wrath her selfe to pytie mee.
But as the water troubled with the mudde
Shewes not the face whiche els the eye shulde see,
Euen so your Trefull minde with stirred thought,
Can not so perfectly discern my cause.
But this vnhappe, emongst so many heapes
I must content me with, most wretched man,
That to my selfe I must referre my woe
In pynnyng thoughts of myne accursed facte:
Sithens I may not shewe here my smallest grieve
Suche as it is, and as my brest endures,
Whiche I esteeme the greatest myserie
Of all mishappes that Fortune nowe can sende,

Not

ot Corboduc.

Not that I rest in hope with plaints and teare
Should purchase life: for to the Goddess I clepe
For true recorde of this my faithfull speache,
Neuer this harte shall haue the thoughtfull dreade
To die the death that by your Graces dome
By iust desarte, shalbe pronounced to mee:
Nor neuer shal this tongue ones spend this speche
Pardon to craue, or seeke by sute to lyue:
I meane not this as though I were not touchde
With care of dreadfull death, or that I helde
Lyfe in contempt: but that I knowe, the mynde
Strypes to no dreade, although the flesh be fraile,
And for my gilt, I yelde the same so great
As in my selfe I finde a feare to sue
For graunte of lyfe.

Corboduc.

In bayne, O wretcheth thou the welch
A wofull harte, Ferrex now lyeth in graue,
Slaine by thy hande.

Porrex.

Yet this, O father, heare:
And than I ende: Your Maiestie well knowes,
That when my Brother Ferrex and my selfe
By your owne best were loyned in gouernaunce
Of this your Graces Realme of Britayne Lande
I neuer sought nor trauaylled for the same,
Nor by my selfe, or by no secnde I wrought,
But from your highnes will alone it spronge,
Of your most gracious goodnes bent to me,
But howe my Brothers hart euen than repined
With swollen disdain against mine eyall rule

Keinge

The Tragedie

Being that Realme, which by descent shuld growe
Whollie to him, allotted halfe to me?
Euen in your highnes Court he nowe remaines,
And with my Brother than in nearest place
Who can recorde, what pꝛoofe therof was shewde
And how my brothers enuious hart appeard
Yet I that iudged it my parte to seeke
His fauour and good will, and lothe to make
Your highnes knowe, the thing which shuld haue
Grief to your grace, & your office to him (brought
Hopping by earnest suite shuld soone haue wonne
A louynge hart within a Brothers best
Wrought in that sorte that for a pledge of loue
And faithfull hart, he gaue to me his hande.
This made me thinke, that he had banished quite
All rancour from his thought and bare to me
Suche hartie loue, as I did owe to him:
But after once we left your Graces Court
And from your highnes pꝛesence liued aparte
This egall rule still, still did grudge him so
That nowe those Enuious sparkes which erst lay
In lyuing cinders of dissemblinge best, (raked
Kindled so farre within his hartes disdaine
That longer could he not refraine from pꝛoofe
Of secrete practise to depꝛiue me life
By Poysons force, and had bereft me so.
If myne owne Seruaunt hired to this fact
And moued by trouthes hate to worke the same,
In time had not betwaled it vnto mee:
When thus I saue the knot of loue unknitte
All honest League and faithfull promise broke

The

of Corboduc.

The Lawe of kind and trothe thus rent in twaine
His hart on mischief set, and in his brest
Blacke treason hid then, then did I dispaier
That euer tyme coulde wyne him frende to me
Than sawe I howe he smyled with slaying knife
Wapped vnder cloke, then sawe I depe deceite
Lurke in his face and death prepared for me:
Euen nature moued me than to holde my lyfe
More deare to me than his, and bad this hande
Since by his lyfe my death must nedes ensue,
And by his death my lyfe to be preserved:
To shed his bloud, and seeke my safetie so,
And wisdomme willed me without protracte
In spedie wise to put the same in vze.
Thus haue I tolde the cause that moued me
To worke my Brothers death and so I yelde
My lyfe, my death to iudgement of your grace.

Corboduc.

Oh cruell wight, shulde any cause preuaile
To make the staine thy hands with brothers blod
But what of thee we will resolue to doe
Shal yet remaine vnknewen: Thou in the meane
Shalt from our royall presence banished be
Untill our princely pleasure furder shall
To the be shewed, departe therfore our sight.
Accursed childe. What cruell destenie
What frowarde fate hath sorted vs this chaunce
That euen in those, where we shuld comfort find
Where our delight nowe in our aged daies
Shulde rest and be, euen there our onelic grieve
And depest sorowes to abidge our liefe,

E. l.

Post

The Tragedie

Most pynnyng cares and deadlie thoughts do graue.

Arostus.

(yours

Your Grace shuld noli in these graue yerres of
Haue founde ere this the price of mortall Joyes,
Howe shorte they be, howe sadnyng heare in earth
Howe full of chaunge, howe little our estate,
Of nothyng sure, saue onely of the Death,
To whome both man and all the worlde doth owe
Their ende at last, neither shall natures power
In other sozte against your harte preuayle,
Than as the naked hande whose stroke assayes
The Armed breast where force doth light in vaine

Gorboduc.

Many can yelde right graue and sage aduise
Of patient spzite to others wapped in woe,
And can in speache both rule and conquere kinde,
Who if by pzoofe, they might feele natures force,
Wold shewe them selues men as thei are in dede,
Which now wil nedes be gods: but what doth me,
The soze chere of her that here doth come? (ans

Marcella.

Oh where is ruthe: or where is pytie now?
Whether is gentle harte and mercie fled:
Are they exiled out of our stony breasts
Neuer to make retourne: is all the worlde
Drownded in bloode, and soncke in crueltie:
If not in women mercie maye be founde
If not (alas) within the mothers best
To her owne childe, to her owne fleshe and blood
If ruthe be banished thence, if pytie there
Maye haue no place, if there no gentle harte

Do

of Gorboduc.

Do lyue and dwell, where shuld we seeke it thane
Gorboduc.

Madame (alas) what meanes your woful tale?
Marcella.

O sillie woman I, why to this howze,
Hane kinde and fortune thus deferred my bzeathe
That I shuld lyue to see this dolefull daye
Will euer wight beleue that suche harde harte
Couderest within the cruell mothers bzeaste,
With her owne hande to slaye her onely sonne
But out (alas) these eyes behelde the same,
They sawe the dzyery sight, and are become
Most ruthfull recordes of the bloodie facte.
Porrex, (alas) is by his mother slayne,
And with her hand a wofull thyng to tell,
While slomberinge on his carefull bed he restes
His hart stalde in with kniefe is rest of life.

Gorboduc.

O *Eubulus*, oh dzaue this s'worde of ours,
And perce this hart with speede, O hatefull light,
O lothsome lise, O sweete and welcome Death,
Dere *Eubulus* worke this we thee beseeche.

Eubulus.

Patient your Grace, perhappes he liueth yet,
With wounde receued, but not of certayne death.

Gorboduc.

O let vs than repaier, vnto the place,
And see if that *Porrex*, or thus be slaine.

Marcella.

Alas he liueth not, it is to true,
That with these eyes of him a percelles Prince,

D, II.

Donne

The Tragedie

Sonne to a King, and in the flower of youth;
Euen with a twinke a censeles stocke I salve.

Arosius

O dampned deed.

Marcella.

But heare this ruthefull ende.

The noble Prince perst with the sodeine wounde
Out of his wretched slombze hastelie starte
Whose strenght now failyng streight he ouerthrew
When in the fall his eyes euen newe vncloused
Behelde the Quene and cryed to her for helpe
We then, alas, the Ladies whiche that tyme
Did there attende, seynge that heynous deede
And hearing him oft call the wretched name
Of mother, and to crie to her for Aide
Whose direfull hand gaue him the mortall wounde
Pitieng, (alas, for nought els could we do)
His ruthefull ende, ranne to the wofull bedde
Dispoyled streight his brest, and all we might
Wpped in balne with napkyne next at hande,
The sodeine streames of blood that flushed fast
Out of the gaping wounde: O what a looke,
O what a ruthefull stedfast eye me thought
He fixed vpon my face, whiche to my deathe
Will neuer parte frome, when with a braide
A deepe set sighe he gaue, and therewith all
Claspinge his handes, to heauen he cast his sight,
And streight pale deach presyng within his face
The flyinge ghoste his mortall corps forsooke.

Arosius.

Neuer did age bring forth so vile a facte.

Marcella.

of Gobodue.

Marcella.

O harde and cruell happe, that thus assigned
Unto so worthie a wighte so wretched ende
But most harde cruell harte, that coulde consent
To lende the hatefull destenies that hande
By whiche, alas, so heynous cryme was wrought,
O Queene of Adamante, O Marble breaste
If not the fauour of his comelie face,
If not his Princelie chere and countenance,
His valiant Actiue Armes, his manlie breaste.
If not his faier and semelie personage
His noble Lymmes in suche preparacion caste
As would haue wrapped a sillie womans thought
If this mought not haue moued the bloodie harte
And that most cruell hande the wretched weapon
Euen to let fall, and kisse him in the face,
With teares for ruthe to reane suche one by death
Should nature yet consent to slaye her sonne
O mother, thou to murder thus thie childe
Euen Ioue with Justice must w lightening flames
From heauen send down some strange reuenge on
Ah noble Prince, how oft haue I beheld thee.
Thee mounted on thy fierce and traumpling steede
Shyning in Armour bright before the Tylte
And with thy Distresse sleaue tied on thy helme
And charge thy staffe to please thy Ladies eie
That bowed the head peece of thy frendly foe,
Howe oft in Armes on horse to bende the pace
Howe oft in Armes on foote to breake the sword,
Whiche neuer now these eyes may see againe.

D. 14.

The Tragedie

Arctus.

Madame, alas, in vaine these plaints are shed,
Rather with me departe and helpe to all wage,
The thoughtfull griefes that in the aged kings
Must nedes by nature growe by death of this
His onelic sonne, whome he did holde so deare.

Marcella.

What wight is that whiche sawe that I did see
And could refraine to waile with plainte & teares
Not I, alas, that harte is not in me,
But let vs goe, for I am greued ane we,
To call to minde the wretched fathers woe.

Chorus.

When greedie lust in Royall seate to reigne
Hath rest all care of goddes and eke of men,
And cruell hart, wrathe, Treason and disdaine
Within the ambitious brest are lodged then
Beholde howe mischief wide her selfe displays
And with the brothers hande the brother slayes.

When blood thus shed, doth staine this heauens
Crying to Ioue for vengeance of the deede, (face
The mightie God euen moueth from his place
With wrathe to wke, then sendes he forth with
The dreadful furies, daughters of y night (spede
With Serpents girt, carying the whip of Ire,
With heare of stinging snakes and shining bright
With flames and blood, and with a bande of fire:
These for reuenge of wretched Murder done
Do make the Mother kill her onelic sonne.

Blode

of Corboduc.

Blood asketh blood, & death must death requite
Ioue by his iust and euerlasting doime
Justly hath euer so requited it
These times befoze recozde, and tymes to come,
Shall finde it true, and so doth present pzoofe,
Present befoze our eies for our behoofe.

O happie twight that suffres not the snare
Of murderous minde to tangle him in bloodes
And happie he that can in time beware
By others harmes and tourne it to his goode
But wo to him that fearing not to offende
Doth serue his lust, and will not see the ende.

The order and signification of the
doime shewes befoze the fiftie Acte.

Firste the Drummes and Flutes, beganne to
sounde, durynge whiche there came forth vpon
the Stage a companie of Vargabuliers and of
Armed men all in order of Battaille. These
after their Peecea discharged, and that the Ar-
med men had thzee tymes marched aboute the
Stage, departed, and then the Drummes and
Flutes did cease. Hereby was signified tumults,
rebellions, Armes and ciuill warres to folowe,
as fel in the Realme of great Britayne, which by
the space of fiftie yeares and moze continued in
ciuill warre betwene the Poplytie after the
death of king Corboduc, & of his Issues, so: wante

Will.

at

The Tragedie

of certayne Imitacion in the Succession of the
Crowne, till the time of *Dunwallo Molmutius*,
who reduced the Lande to Monarchie.

Aetus quintus. Scena prima.

Clotyn. Mandud. Gwenard. Fergus. Eubulus.

Clotyn.

Doeuer age bzing forth such Tirants hartes
The Wrother hath bereft the Wrothers lyfe,
The Mother she hath died her cruell handes
In bloud of her owne sonne, and now at last
The people loe forgetting trouthe and loue,
Contemnyng quite both Lawe and loyall harte
Euen they haue slayne their soueraigne Lord and

Mandud.

(Queene.)

Shall this their trayterous crime unpunished rest
Euen yet they cease not, caryed out with rage,
In their rebellious routes, to threaten still
A newe bloode shedde vnto the Princes kinne
To slaie them all, and to bpzoote the race
Both of the kyng and Queene, so are they moued
With Porrex deathe, wherein they falsely charge
The guiltles kinge without desarte at all
And traitterously haue murdered him therfore,
And eke the Queene.

Gwenard.

Shall Subiectes dare with force
To worke reuenge vpon their Princes factes:
Admyt the worst that maye: as sure in this

The

of Goboduc.

The dede was fowle, the Quene to slaie her sonne
Shall yet the Subiecte seeke to take the sworde:
Arise agaynst his Lorde, and slaie his kynge:
A wretched state, where those rebellious hartes
Are not rent out euen from their luyngge breasts
And with the bodie thzowen vnto the fowles
As Carrion foode, for terror of the rest.

Fergus.

There can no punishment be thought to greate
For this so greuous cryme: let speede therfore
Be vsed therein for it behoueth so.

Eubulus.

We all my Lordes I see consent in one
And I as one consent with ye in all:
I holde it moze than nede with the sharpest Lawe
To punish the tumultuous bloodie rage
For nothyng moze maye shake the comen state
Than sufferance of Apzoores without redzesse
Wherby howe some kingdomes of mightie power
After great Conquestes made, and flourishing
In fame and wealth haue ben to ruine bzought
I praise to Ioue that we may rather wayle
Suche happe in them than witnes in our selues
Eke fullie with the Duke my minde agrees
That no cause serues, wherby the Subiect maye
Call to accompt the doynges of his Prince,
Muche lesse in bloode by sworde to worke reuenge
No moze then maye the hande cut of the heade,
In Acte nor speache, nor not in secrete thoughte
The Subiect maye rebell against his Lorde
Nor Iudge of him that sittes in Cæsars Seate.

D b.

With

THE TRAGEDIE

With grudging mind do damne those Hemislikes
 Though kinges forget to gouerne as they ought,
 Yet Subiectes must obey as they are bounde:
 But nowe my Lordes befoze ye farther wade
 Or spend your speech, what sharp reuenge shal fal
 By iustice plague on these rebellious wights
 We thinke ye rather should first searche the ways
 By whiche in time the rage of this uproare
 Mought be repressed, & these great tumults ceased
 Euen yet the life of Brittain Lande doth hang,
 In Traitors Balaunce of vnegall weight
 Thinke not my Lords the death of Corboduc
 Nor yet Hidenaes bloode will cease their rage:
 Euen our owne lyues, our wiues and childezen,
 Our Countrey dearest of all in daunger standes,
 Nowe to be spalled, nowe, nowe made desolate,
 And by our selues a conquest to ensue:
 For geue ones swepe vnto the peoples lusts,
 To rushe forth on, and staye them not in time,
 And as the streame that rowleth downe the hyll,
 So wil thei headlong runne w raging thoughtes
 From bloode to bloode, from mischief vnto moe,
 To ruine of the Realme, them selues and all
 So giddie are the comon peoples mindes,
 So glad of chaunge, moze waueryng than the sea
 We see (my Lordes) what strength these Rebelles
 What hugie nombze is assembled still, (haue,
 For though the traiterous fact, for which thei rose
 Be wrought and done, yet lodge thei still in fields
 So that howe farre their furies yet wyll stretch
 Great cause we haue to dreade, that we may seeke
 By present Battaille to repress their power.

of Goboduc.

Speede must we vse to leuie force therfore,
For either they forthwith will mischief worke
Or their rebellious roares forthwith will cease:
These violent thinges may haue no lasting londe
Let vs therfore vse this for present helpe
Perswade by gentle speache, and offre grace
With gifte of pardon saue vnto the chiefe,
And that vpon condicion that forthewith
They yelde the Captaines of their enterpryse
To beare suche querdon of their traiterous facts
As may be both due vengeaunce to them selues,
And holsome terrour to posteritie.
This shall I thinke: flatter the greatest parte
That now we are holden with desire of home,
Wieried in fiede with cold of Winters nightes,
And some (no doubt) stricken with dread of Lawe
Whan this is ones proclaymed, it shall make
The Captaines to mistruste the multitude
Whose safetie biddes them to betraye their heads
And so muche moze bycause the rascall routes,
In thinges of great and perillous attemptes,
Are neuer trustie to the noble race.
And while we treate & scande on termes of grace,
We shal both stafe their furies rage the while,
And eke gaine time, whose onely helpe sufficeth
Withouten warre to banquish the Rebelles power
In the meane while, make you in redynes
Suche bande of Horsemen as ye maye prepare:
Horsemen (you know) are not the Comons strength
But are the force and stoze of noble men
Wherby the vnchosen and vnarmed sozte

¶

The Tragedie

Of suchlike Rebelles, whome none other power
But nombre makes to be of dreadfull force
With sodeyne brunt maye quickly be opprest
And if this gentle meane of proffered grace
With stubborne hartes cannot so farre auayle
As to allwage their desperate courages.
Than do I wishe suche slaughter to be made,
As present age and eke posteritie
Maye be adrad with horroure of reuenge,
That iustly than shall on these rebelles fall
This is my Lordes the some of mine aduise.

Clotyn.

Neither this case admittes debate at large,
And though it did: this speache that hath ben saide
Hath wel abyded the tale I would haue tolde:
Fullie with *Eubulus* do I consente
In all that he hath saide: and if the same
To you my Lordes, may seeme for best aduise,
I wishe that it shoulde streight be put in bye.

Mandud.

My Lordes than let vs presentlie departe
And folowe this that lyketh vs so well.

Fergus.

If euer time to gaine a kingdome here
Were offred man, nowe it is offred mee:
The Realme is rest bothe of their kyng & Quene
The offspringe of the Prince is slaine and dead
No issue nowe remaines, the Heire vnknown,
The people are in Armes and mutynies
The Nobles thei are busied howe to cease
These great rebellious tumultes and byroars

And

of Goboduc.

And Brittain Lande nowe deserte left alone
Amyd these byoples vncertaine where to rest
Offers her selfe vnto that noble harte
That wyl' o' dare pursue to beare her Crowne:
Shall I that am the Duke of *Albanye*
Discended from that Lyne of noble bloode,
Whiche hath so longe flourished in worthe fame
Of valiaunt hartes, suche as in noble Breaſts
Of right shulde rest aboue the baser sorte,
Refuse to aduenture liſe to winne a Crowne,
At home shall I finde enemies that will wſtande
My ſacte herein, if I attempte by Armes
To ſeeke the ſame nowe in theſe times of byople
Theſe Dukes power can hardlie well appeaſe
The people that alreddie are in Armes.
But if perhappes my force be ones in ſielde
Is not my ſtrength in power aboue the beſt
Of all theſe Lozdes nowe left in *Brittaine Lande*.
And though they ſhuld match me w' power of men
Yet doubtfull is the chaunce of Battailles ioyned
If Victors of the ſielde we may departe,
Ours is the Scepter than of great *Brittainye*,
If ſlayne amid the plaine this body be
Mine enemies yet ſhall not deny me this,
But that I died gyuyng the noble charge
To hazarde life for conquest of a Crowne.
Forthwith therfore will I in poſſe depart
To *Albanye* and raiſe in Armour there
All power I can: and here my ſecrete friendes,
By ſecrete practiſe ſhall ſollicite ſtill,
To ſeeke to wyne to me the peoples hartes.

Actus

The Tragedie

Actus quintus. Scena secunda.

Eubulus. Clotyn. Mandud. Gwenard. Arostus Nuntius.

Eubulus.

O Ioue, Howe are these peoples hartes abused
What blind Furie, thus headlong carries the?
That though so many booke, so many rolles
Of Auncient time recozde what greuous plagues,
Light on these Rebelles eye and thoughte so ofte
Their eares haue hard their aged fathers tell
What iust rewarde these Traitors still receyue.
Yea though them selues haue sene depe death and
By strangling cord & slaughter of the sword (blod
To suche assigned, yet can they not beware:
Yet can they not staie their rebellious handes,
But suffering to fowle treason to distaine
Their wretched myndes, forget their loyall harte,
Reiecte all trueth and rise against their Prince,
A ruthfull case that those, whome duties bounde
Whome grafted Lawe by nature trueth and faith
Bounde to p̄serue their Countrey and their king
Borne to defende their Common wealth & Prince,
Euen they shulde geue consent thus to subuerste
The Brittain Land, & from the wombeshuld bring
(O natyue soile) those, that will nedes destroye
And rypne thee and eke them selues in fine:
For lo, when ones the Duke had offred Grace
Of pardon sweete (the multitude mislead
By traitterous fraude of their vngracious heades)
One sorte that sawe the dangerous successe

¶

of Goboduc.

Of stubborne standynge in rebellious warre
And knewe the difference of Princes power
From headles nombze of tumultuous routes,
Whom comen Countreies care and priuate feare
Laught to repent the terrour of their rage
Laide handes vpon the Capatines of their bande,
And brought them bound vnto the mightie Dukes
An other sorte not trusting yet so well
The trueth of Pardon or mistrusting more
Their owne offence than that they could conceiue
Such hope of pardon for so foule misdeed:
Or for that they their Captaines could not yeld
Who fearinge to be yelded, flead before,
Stale home by silence of the secrete night,
The thirde unhappie and vnraged sorte
Of desperate harts, who stained in Princes blood
From trayterous furour could not be withdrauen
By loue, by lawe, by grace, ne yet by feare,
By proffered lyfe, ne yet by threatened Death,
With mindes hopeles of liue, dzeables of Deathe,
Careles of Countrey, and a weles of God:
Stoode bent to fight as furies did them moue
With violent death to close their traitterous lyfe:
These all by power of Hyssemes were opprest
And with reuenging swordes slayne in the fiede,
Or with the strangling Cord hanged on the trees
Where yet the carryen Carcasses do proche
The fruites that Rebelles reape of their vproach,
And of the murder of their sacred Prince,
But loe, where do appoche the noble Dukes,
By whom these tumults haue ben thus appeasde.

Chap.

The Tragedie

Clotyn.

I thinke the worlde wyll now at length beware
And feare to put on armes agaynst their Prince.

Mandud.

If not: those trayterous hartes that dare rebell
Let them beholde the wide and hugie fieldes
With bloode & bodie spread with rebelles slayne,
The lustie trees clothed with cozpses dead
That strangled with the corde do hange therein.

Arosius.

A iust rewarde suche as all tymes befoze
Haue euer lotted to those wretched folkes.

Gwenard.

But what meanes he that cometh here so fast.

Nuntius.

My Lords, as duetic and my trouth doth moue
And of my Countrey worke and care in mee
That if the spendynge of my breath auaille
To do the Seruice that my harte desires,
I would not shunne to embrace a present death,
So haue I nowe in that wherein I thought
My trauaile mought perfourme some good effecte
Wentred my liefe to bringe these tydings here.

Fergus the mightie Duke of Albany

Is nowe in Armes and lodgeth in the fielde
With twentie thousand men, hether he bendes
His spedie marche, & minds to inuade the Crowne
Dayly he gathereth strength and spreads abroad
That to this Realme no certeine Heire remaines,
That Brittain Lande is left without a guyde,
That he the Scepter seekes, for nothing els

But

of Goboduc.

But to preserve the people and the Lande
Whiche now remaine as ship without a Sterne
Loe this is that whiche I haue hereto saide.

Clorin.

Is this his sayth: and shall he falsely thus
Abuse the vantage of unhappie times:
O wretched Lande, if his outrageous pride,
His cruell and vntempered wilfulnes
His deepe dissemblinge shewes of false pretence
Should once attaine the Crowne of Brittain Lande
Let vs my Lords, with timely force resist
The newe attempt of this our comon foe
As we would quenche the flames of comen fire.

Mandud.

Though we remaine without a certayn Prince
To weld the Realme or guide the wandring rule
Yet nowe the comen Mother of vs all,
Our Native Lande, our Countrey that conteines
Our townes, children, kyndred, our selues and all
That euer is or maye be deare to man
Cries vnto vs to helpe our selues and her:
Let vs aduance our powers to repress
This growynge foe of all our liberties,

Gwenard.

Pea let vs so my Lordes with hastie speede,
And ye (O Goddes) sende vs the welcome death,
To shed our bloode in fielde and leaue vs not,
In lothesome life to lenger out our lynes
To see the hugie heapes of these unhappes,
That nowe roll doونه upon the wretched Lande
Where empty place of Princelike gouernance

C. i.

Ro

The Tragedie

No certayne state nowe left of doubtles heire,
Thus leaue this guidelesse Realme an open pray,
To endlesse stormes and wast of ciuill warre.

Alfredus.

That ye (my Lordes) do so agree in one
To saue your Countrey from the violent reigne
And wrongfullie vsurped Tyrannie
O. him that threatens conquest of you all
To saue your realme, & in this realme your selues
From foreyne thraldome of so proude a Prince,
Muche do I praise, and I beseeche the Goddes,
With happie honour to requite it you.
But (O my Lordes) sithe now the Beaufets wrath
Hath rest this Lande the issue of their Prince:
Sithe of the body of our late Soueraine Lorde
Remaines no mo. since the yong kinges be slaine
And of the Title of the descended Crowne,
Uncerteynly the diuerse mindes do thinke
Euen of the Learned sorte, and more uncerteinlye
Will perciall fancie and affection deeme;
But most uncerteinlye wyll clymbynge pride
And hope of Reigne withdraue fro London partes
The doubtfull right and hopefull lust to reigne.
When ones this noble seruice is atchieued
For Britayne Lande the Father of ye all,
When ones ye haue with armed force represt,
The proude attemptes of this Albanian Prince,
That threatens thraldome to your Native Lande,
When ye shall vanquishers retourne from fieldes
And finde the Princely state an open praye,
To greedie lust and to vsurping power,

Then

of Forbodie.

Then, then (my Lordes) if euer kindly care
Of ancient Honour of your ancestours,
Of present wealth and noblesse of your stockes:
Pea of the lyues and safetie yet to come
Of your deare wyues, your children & your selues,
Might moue your noble hartes with gentle ruthe,
Then, then haue pytie on the toyme estate,
Then helpe to salue the well neare hopeles soze
Whiche ye shall do, if ye your selues with bolde
The sleayng knife from your own mothers throte
Her shall you saue, and you, and yours in her
If ye shall all with one assent forbear
Ones to laye hande or take vnto your selues
The Crowne by colour of pretended right,
Or by what other meanes so euer it be
Till first by comen counsell of you all
In Parliament the Regall Diademe
Be set in certayne place of gouernaunce,
In whiche your Parliament and in your chosse,
Preferre the right (my Lordes,) without respects
Of strength of frendes, or what so euer cause
That maye set forwarde any others parte,
For right will last, and wrong can not endure,
Right meane I his or hers, vpon whose name
The people rest by meane of Nature lyne,
Or by the vertue of some former Lawe,
Alreadie made their title to aduaunce:
Suche one (my Lordes) let be your chosen kynge
Suche one so borne within your Natyue Lande
Suche one preferre, and in no wise admitte,
The heauie yoke of foireine gouernaunce,

The Tragedie

Let fo:reine Titles yelde to Publike wealth,
And with that hart wherewith ye nowe prepare
Thus to withstande the proude inuadyng foe,
With that same harte (my Lordes) kepe out also
Annaturall thraldome of straungers reigne,
Be suffre you against the rules of kinde
Your Mother Lande to serue a fo:reine Prince.

Enbulus.

Loe here the ende of Brutus royall Lyne,
And loe the entrie to the wofull wacke
And utter ruyne of this noble Realme.
The royall kinge, and eke his sonnes are slaine,
No Ruler restes within the Regall Seate:
The Heire, to whō the Scepter longs, vnknown
That to eche force of fo:reine Princes power
Whome bauntage of your wretched state
By sodaine Armes to gaine so riche a Realme
And to the proude and gredie minde at home
Whom blinded lust to reigne leades to aspire.
Loe Brittainue Realme is left an open praye,
A present spoile by Conquest to ensue,
Who seeth not nowe howe many rising mindes
Do feede their thoughts, w^h hope to reach a Realme
And who will not by force attempt to winne
So great a gaine that hope perswades to haue:
A simple colour shall fo: title serue.
Who winnes the Royal crown wil want no right
No: suche as shall displaye by longe discent
A lyneall race to proue him selfe a kynge,
In the meane while these ruyll armes shall rage,
And thus a thousande mischiefes shall vnfolde
And

OF WOZDOUUT.

And farre & neare spread thee (O Brittain Lande)
All right and Lawe shall cease, and he that had
Nothyng to daye, to morowe shall enioye
Great heapes of good, & he that flowred in wealth,
Loe he shall be rest of lyfe and all,
And happiest he that than possesseth least.
The wyues shall suffre rape, the maydes deflowred
And childezen fatherles shall weepe and wayle:
With fire & sworde thy Patience folke shall perishe.
One kinsman shall bereaue an other life,
The father shall unwittinge slaye the sonne,
The sonne shall slea the sire and knowe it not:
Women and maides the cruell Souldiours sword
Shall perse to death, and sillie childezen loe
That playinge in the streets & fieldes are founde
By violent hande shall close their latter daye.
Whome shall the ferce and bloudie Souldiour
Reserue to liue, whome shall he spare from death
Euen thou (O wretched mother) halt alyue
Thou shalt beholde thy deare and onely childe
Slaine wth the sworde while he yet suckes thy brest:
Loe, giltye bloode shall thus eche where be shed:
Thus shall the wasted soile yelde forth no fruite
But derty and sampe shall possesse the Lande.
The Townes shall be consumed & bzent with fire,
The peopled Cities shall wane desolate,
And thou (O Brittain Land) whilom in renowne
Whilome in wealth and fame shalt thus be tozne,
Dismembred thus, and thus be rent in twayne,
Thus wasted and defaced, spoiled and destroyed:
These be the fruits: your ciuill warres will bring.

The Tragedie

Hereto it comes when kinges will not consent,
To graue aduise, but folow wilfull wyll:
This is the ende, when in yonge Princes hartes
Flattery preuayles, and sage rede hath no place:
These are the plagues, when murder is the meane
To make newe Heires vnto the Royall Crowne.
Thus wreke the Gods, whē y the mothers wrath
Pought but y blood of her owne child may swage.
These mischiefes springs whē Rebelles wil arise,
To worke reuenge and iudge their Princes facte:
This, this ensues when noble men do faile
In loyall trouthe, and subiectes will be kinges.
And this doth growe when loe vnto the Prince,
At home death oꝛ sodeyne happe of liefse bereaues,
No certayne Heire remaines, suche certentie
As not all onely is the rightfull Heire,
But to the Realme is so made vnknownen to be
And trouth therby bested in Subiectes hartes,
To olde faith there, where right is knowen to rest
Alas, in Parliament what hope can bee,
When is of Parliament no hope at all,
Whiche thoughte it be assembled by consent,
Yet is it not likely with consent to ende:
While eche one foꝛ him selfe, oꝛ foꝛ his frende
Against his foe, shall trauaile what he maye,
While nowe the state left open to the man,
That shall with greatest force inuade the same,
Shall fill ambitious minds with gapynge hope:
When will they ones with yelding harts agree?
Oꝛ in the while, howe shall the Realme be vsed?
No, no: then Parliament should haue ben holden

And

And certaine Heires appoynted to the Crowne
 To staie their title of established righte:
 And plant the people in obedience
 While yet the Prince did liue, whose name and
 By lawfull Homons and auctorytie (power)
 Might make a Parliament to be of force,
 And might haue set the state in quiet stape:
 But now (O happie man) in home speedie death
 Deprives of lyfe, he is enforced to see
 These hugie mischiefes and these miseries,
 These ciuill wars, these murders & these wrongs
 Of Justice, yet must lone in syne restore
 This noble Crowne vnto the lawfull Heire:
 For right will alwayes liue, and rise at length,
 But wronge can neuer take deepe roote to last.

The ende of the Tragedie of
 Kinge Corboduc,

